



SATIRES

WRITTEN BY

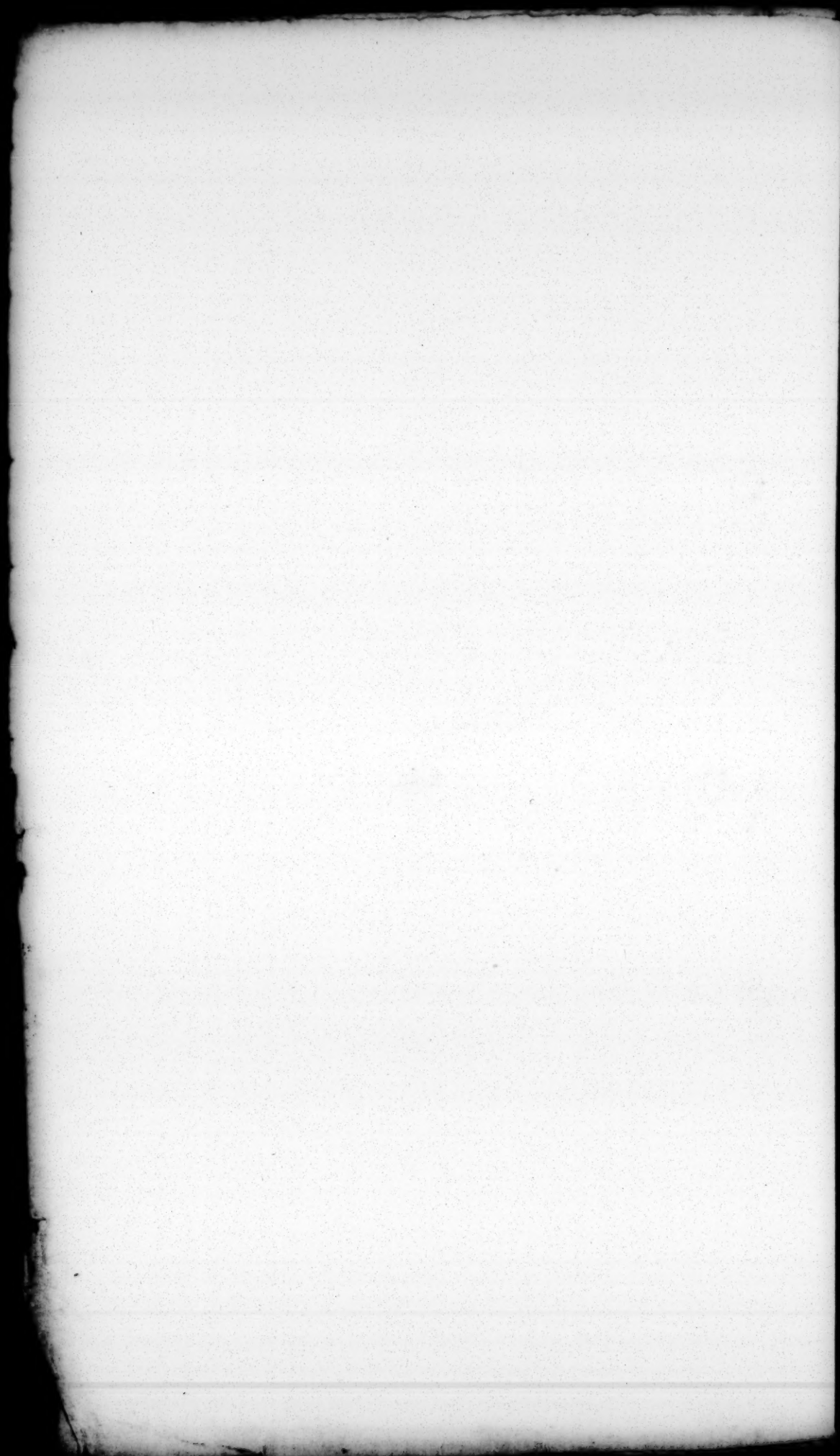
Mr. WHITEHEAD.

VIZ.

- I. MANNERS. Written in 1738.
- II. The STATE DUNCES. Written in 1733.
- III. HONOUR. Written in 1747.



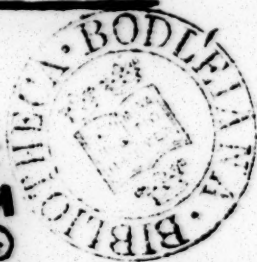
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MANNERS:
A
SATIRE.

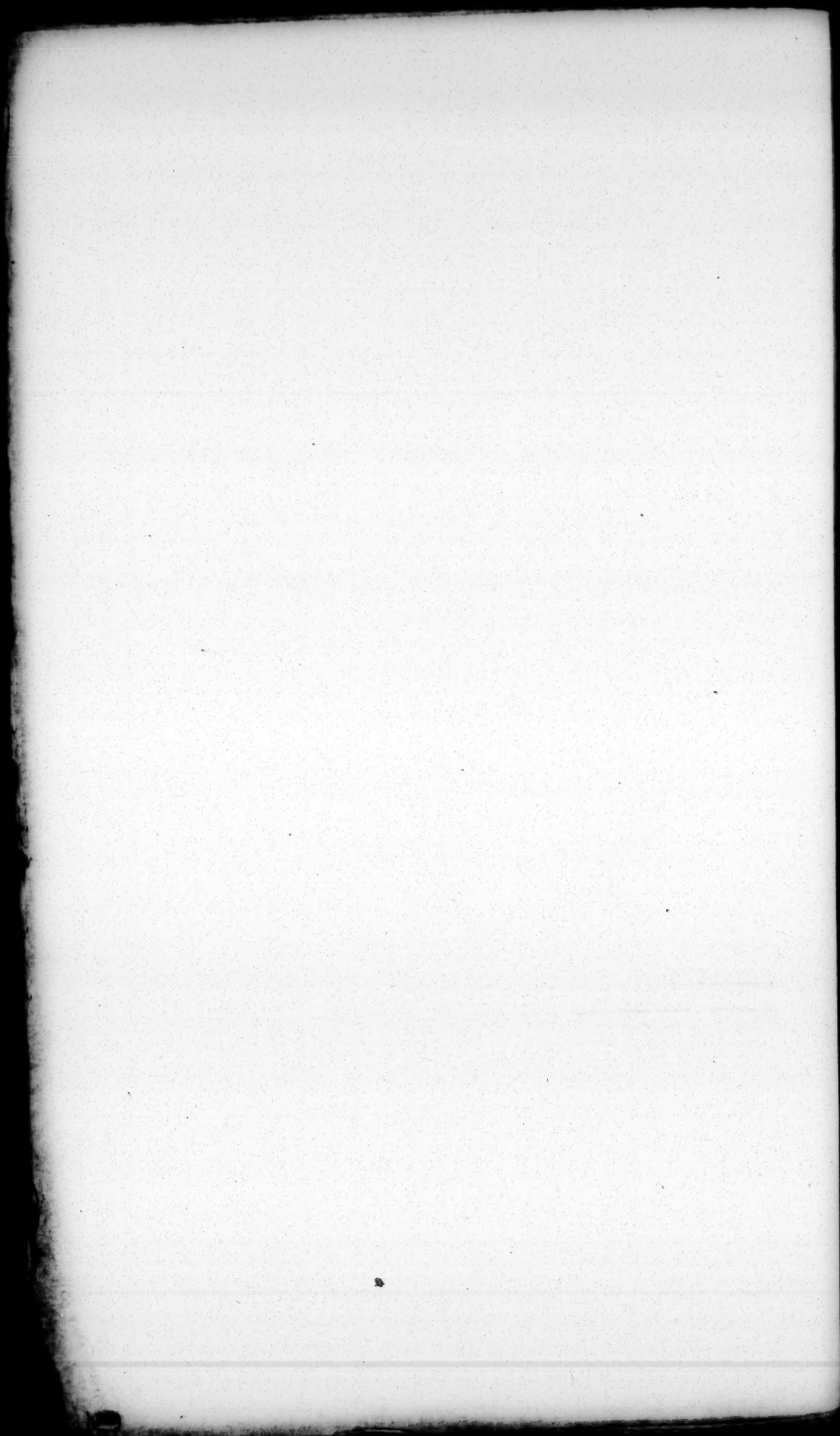
By Mr. WHITEHEAD.

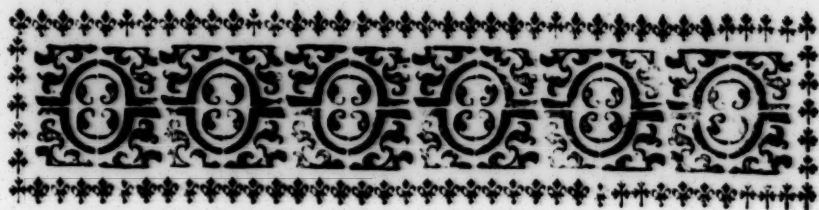
Paulus vel Cossus vel Drujus MORIBUS esto.
JUVENAL.



ISLINGTON:

Printed near the Three Pumps, in the Year 1748.





MANNERS:
A
SATIRE.

WELL — of all Plagues which make
Mankind their Sport,
Guard me, Ye Heavens! from that
worst Plague—a Court.
“ Midst the mad Mansions of *Moor-*
fields, I'd be

“ A Straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock Majesty ;

“ Rather than Sov'reign rule *Britannia's* Fate,

“ Curs'd with the Follies and the Farce of State.

“ Rather in *Newgate-Walls*, O let me dwell

“ A doleful Tenant of the darkling Cell,

“ Than

“ Than swell in Palaces, the mighty Store
 “ Of Fortune’s Fools, and Parasites of Pow’r.
 “ Than Crowns, Ye Gods ! be any State my Doom ;
 “ Or any Dungeon ; but——a Drawing-Room.
 “ THrice happy *Patriot*, whom no Courts debase,
 “ No Titles lessen, and no Stars disgrace.
 “ Still nod the Plumage o’er the brainless Head;
 “ Still o’er the faithless Heart the Ribband spread.
 “ Such Toys may serve to signalize the Tool,
 “ To gild the Knave, or garnish out the Fool :
 “ While You, with *Roman* Virtue arm’d, disdain
 “ The tinsel Trappings and the glitt’ring Chain :
 “ Fond of your Freedom, spurn at the venal Fee,
 “ And prove He’s only *Great*——who dares be *Free*.

Thus sung *Philemon* in his calm Retreat,
 Too wise for Pow’r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this Rage at Courts ? reply’d his Grace.
 Say, is the mighty Crime, to be in Place ?
 Is that the deadly Sin, mark’d out by Heav’n,
 For which no Mortal e’er can be forgiven ?
 Must All, All suffer who in Courts engage,
 Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page ?
 Can Courts and Places be such sinful Things ?
 The sacred Gifts and Palaces of Kings.

A PLACE may claim our Rev'rence, Sir, I own ;
 But then the Man its Dignity must crown :
 'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's Pride,
 Can skreen the Coward, or the Knave can hide.
 Let STAIR and † *** head our Arms and Law,
 The Judge and General must be view'd with Awe :
 The Villain then would shudder at the Bar ;
 And *Spain* grow humble at the Sound of War.

WHAT Courts are sacred ? when I tell your Grace,
Manners alone must sanctify the Place.

Hence only each its proper Name receives ;
Haywood's a Brothel ; * *White's* a Den of Thieves :
 Bring Whores and Thieves to Court, you change the
 Scene,

St. J——s's turns the Brothel, and the Den.

WHO would the courtly Chapel holy call,
 Tho' the whole Bench should consecrate the Wall ;
 While the trim Chaplain, conscious of a See,
 Cries out my King, ' I have no God but thee :

† It is to be lamented that the Barrenness of the present Times obliges the Author to trust to Posterity, for the Supply of a proper Character in this Place.

* Dr. SWIFT says, " That the late Earl of OXFORD, in the Time of his Ministry, never pass'd by *White's Chocolate-house* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers and noble Cullies) without bestowing a Curse upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *English Nobility*.

Lifts

Lifts to the Royal Seat the asking Eye,
 And pays to *George* the Tribute of the Sky ;
 Proves Sin alone from humble Roofs must spring,
 Nor can one earthly Failing stain a King.

BISHOPS and KINGS may consecrate, 'tis true ;
 Manners alone claim Homage as their Due.
 Without, the Court and Church are both prophane,
 Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign ;
Religion's Rostrum *Virtue's* Scaffold grows,
 And Crowns and Mitres are mere Raree-shows.

IN vain behold yon rev'rend Turrets rise,
 And *Sarum's* sacred Spire salute the Skies :
 If the lawn'd *Levite's* earthly Vote be sold,
 And God's free Gift retail'd for *Mammon* Gold ;
 No Rev'rence can the proud Cathedral claim,
 But *Henley's* Shop, and *Sherlock's* are the same.

WHENCE have *St. Stephen's* Walls so hallow'd been ?
 Whence ? From the Virtue of his Sons within.
 But should some guileful Serpent, void of Grace,
 Glide in its Bounds, and poison all the Place ;
 Should e'er the sacred Voice be fet to Sale,
 And o'er the Heart the golden Fruit prevail ;
 The Place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it strange,
 To see the Senate sink into a Change.

OR Court, or Church, or Senate-house, or Hall,
MANNERS alone beam Dignity on all.

Without their Influence, Palaces are Cells ;
* *Crane-Court* a Magazine of Cockle-shells ;
The solemn Bench no Bosom strikes with Awe,
But *Westminster's* a Warehouse of the Law.

THESE honest Truths, my Lord, deny you can,
Since all allow that ' MANNERS *make the MAN*'.
Hence only Glories to the Great belong,
Or Peers must mingle with the peasant Throng.

Tho' strung with Ribbands, yet behold his Grace
Shines but a Lacquey in a higher Place :
Strip the gay Liv'ry from the Courtier's Back,
What marks the Diff'rence 'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack* ?
The same mean, simple, mercenary Knave,
The Tool of Power, and of State the Slave :
Alike the vassal Heart in each prevails,
And all his Lordship boasts is larger Vails.

WEALTH, Manors, Titles may descend, 'tis true,
But ev'ry Heir must *Merit's* Claim renew.

* *The Royal Society.*

B

WHO

WHO blushes not to see a C—'s Heir
 Turn Slave to Sound, and languish for a * Play'r ?
 What piping, fiddling, squeaking, quav'ring, bawling,
 What sing-song Riot, and what Eunuch-squalling ?
 C——, thy Worth all *Italy* shall own,
 A Statesman fit, where † *Nero* fill'd the Throne.

SEE poor *Lævinus* anxious for renown,
 Thro' the long Gall'ry trace his Lineage down.
 And claim each Hero's Visage for his own.
 What tho' in each the self-same Features shine,
 Unless some lineal Virtue marks the Line,
 In vain alas ! He boasts his Grandfire's Name,
 Or hopes to borrow Lustre from his Fame.
 Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous Peer
 Point 'mong his Race our Bulwark in the War ?
 Or in sad *English* tell how Senates hung
 On the sweet Music of his Father's Tongue ?
 Unconscious, tho' his Sires were wise and brave,
 Their Virtues only find in him a Grave.

NOR so with § *Starhope* ; see by him sustain'd
 Each hoary Honour which his Sires had gain'd.

* That living Witness of the Folly, Extravagance and Depravity of the *English*, *Farinello*, who is now at the Court of *Spain*, triumphant in the Spoils of our Nobility, as their Pyrates are in those of our injur'd Merchants.

† A *Roman* Emperor remarkable for his Passion for Music.

§ The Right Honourable the Earl of *Chesterfield*.

To

To him the Virtues of his Race appear,
 The precious Portion of five hundred Year :
 Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
 Yet holds the Talent lost, if unemploy'd.
 From hence behold his gen'rous Ardour rise,
 To swell the sacred Stream with fresh Supplies :
 Abroad the Guardian of his Country's Cause ;
 At Home a *Tully* to defend her Laws.
 Senates with Awe the patriot Sounds imbibe,
 And bold Corruption almost drops the Bribe.
 Thus added Worth to Worth, and Grace to Grace,
 He beams new Glories back upon his Race.

Ask ye what Honour ? I'll the Truth impart,
 Know, Honour, then, is Honesty of Heart.
 To the sweet Scene of social * *Stow* repair,
 And search the Master's Breast,—You'll find it there.
 Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,
 It only harbours with the Wise and Brave ;
 Ungain'd by Titles, Places, Wealth, or Birth :
 Learn this, and learn to blush, ye Sons of Earth !
 Blush to behold this Ray of Nature made
 The Victim of a *Ribband*, or *Cockade*.

Ask the proud Peer, What's Honour ? He displays
 A purchas'd Patent, or the Herald's Blaze :

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount
Cobham.

Or if the Royal Smile his Hopes has blest,
 Points to the glitt'ring Glory of his Breast :
 Yet if beneath no real Virtue reign,
 On the gay Coat the Star is but a Stain :
 For could I whisper in his Lordship's Ear,
 Worth only beams true Radiance on the Star.

HENCE see the garter'd Glory dart its Rays,
 And shine round *E*—— with redoubled Blaze,
 Ask ye from whence this Flood of Lustre's seen ?
 Why *E*—— whispers, votes, and saw *Turin*.

LONG *Milo* reign'd the Minion of Renown,
 Loud his Eulogiums eccho'd thro' the Town ;
 Where'er he went still Crouds around him throng,
 And hail'd the Patriot as he pass'd along.
 See the lost Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
 Steal thro' the Street, or skulk along the *Mall* ;
 Applauding Sounds no more salute his Ear,
 But his loud *Pæan*'s sunk into a Sneer.
 Whence you'll enquire could spring a Change so sad ?
 Why the poor Man ran military mad :
 By this mistaken Maxim still misled,
 That Men of Honour must be cloath'd in Red.
 My Grandfire wore it, *Milo* cries—'tis good :
 But know the Grandfire stain'd it red with Blood.
 First 'midst the deathful Dangers of the Field,
 He shone his Country's Guardian and its Shield ;

Taught

Taught *Danube's* Stream with *Gallie* Gore to flow ;
 Hence bloom'd the Laurel on the Grandfire's Brow :
 But shall the Son expect the Wreath to wear
 For the mock Triumphs of an *Hyde-Park* War ?
 Sooner shall *Bunhill* *Blenheim's* Glories claim,
 Or *Billers* rival brave *Eugene* in Fame :
 Sooner a like Reward their Labours crown,
 Who storm a Dunghil, and who sack a Town.

MARK our bright Youths how gallant and how gay,
 Fresh plum'd and powder'd in Review array.
 Unspoil'd each Feature by the martial Scar,
 Lo : *A* — assumes the God of War :
 Yet vain while prompt to Arms by Plume and Pay,
 He claims the Soldier's Name from Soldiers Play.
 This Truth, my Warrior, treasure in thy Breast,
 A standing Soldier is a standing Jest.
 When bloody Battles dwindle to Reviews,
 Armies must then descend to Puppet-shews ;
 Where the lac'd Log may strut in Soldier's Part,
 Bedeck'd with Feather, tho' unarm'd with Heart.

THERE are who say — “ You lash the Sins of Men,
 “ Leave, Leave to *Pope* the Poignance of the Pen.
 “ Hope not the Bays shall wreath around thy Head,
 “ *Fannius* may write, but *Flaccus* will be read.
 Shall only One have Privilege to blame ?
 What then are Vice and Folly Royal Game ?

Must

Must all be Poachers who attempt to kill ?
 All, but the mighty Sov'reign of the Quill ?
 Shall *Pope*, alone, the plenteous Harvest have,
 And I not glean one stragling Fool, or Knave ?
 Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all Mankind ;
 Say, why should honest Satire be confin'd ?
 Tho', like th' immortal Bards, my feeble Dart
 Stains not its Feather in the culprit Heart ;
 Yet know, the smallest Insect of the Wing
 The Horse may tease, or Elephant can sting :
 Ev'n I, by chance, a lucky Shaft may pour,
 And gall some great *Leviathan* of Pow'r.

I name not *W—e* ; You the Reason guess ;
 Mark yon fell Harpy hov'ring o'er the Press.
 Secure the Muse may sport with Names of Kings,
 But Ministers, my Friend, are dang'rous Things.
 Who would have || *P—n* answer what he writ ;
 Or special Juries, Judges of his Wit ?

POPE writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
 To beard the Lion, and to crush the Mite,
 Safe may he dash the Statesman in each Line,
 Those dread his Satire, who dare punish mine.

TURN, turn your Satire then, you cry, to Praise,
 Why Praise is Satire, in these sinful Days,

|| A famous Sollicitor.

Say,

Say, should I make a Patriot of Sir *Bill*?
 Or swear that *G——*'s Duke has Wit at Will.
 From the gull'd Knight could I expect a Place?
 Or hope to lye a Dinner from his Grace?
 Tho' a Reward be graciously bestow'd
 On the soft Satire of each Birth-day Ode.

THE Good and Bad alike with Praise are blest;
 Yet those who merit most, still want it least;
 But conscious Vice still courts the charming Ray,
 While Virtue shines, not asks the Glare of Day.
 Need I to any *Pult'ney*'s Worth declare?
 Or tell him *Cart'ret* charms, who has an Ear?
 Or, *Pitt*, can thy Example be unknown,
 While each fond Father marks it to his Son?

I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
 And praise a Blockhead's Wit, because He's great;
 Down, down, ye hungry Garreteers, descend,
 Call † *W—e Burleigh*, call him *Britain's Friend*;
 Behold the genial Ray of Gold appear,
 And rouse, ye Swarms of *Grubstreet* and *Rag-Fair*.

† See these two Characters compar'd in the *Gazetteers*;
 but lest none of those Papers should have escap'd their common Fate, see the two Characters distinguish'd in the *Craftsman*.

SEE

SEE with what Zeal yon tiny * Insect burns,
 And follows Queens from Palaces to Urns :
 Tho' cruel Death has clos'd the Royal Ear,
 The flatt'ring Fly still buzzes round the Bier :
 But what avails, since Queens no longer live ?
 Why Kings can read, and Kings, You know, may give.
 A Mitre may repay his heav'nly Crown ;
 And while he decks her Brow, adorn his own.

LET Laureat C—r Birth-day Sonnets sing,
 Or *Fanny* crawl, an Ear-wig on the King ;
 While one is void of Wit, and one of Grace,
 While should I envy either Song or Place ?
 I could not flatter, the rich Butt to gain ;
 Nor sink a Slave, to rise *V—e C—n*.

PERISH my Verse, whene'er one venal Line
 Bedaubs a Duke, or makes a King divine.
 First bid me swear, He's found who has the Plague,
 Or *Horace* rivals *Stanhope* at the *Hague*.
 What, shall I turn a Pander to the Throne,
 And list with † *B—ll* to roar for Half-a-Crown ?

* A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote, or rather stole a Character of the late Q—n from Dr. *Burnet's* Character of *Queen Mary*.

† A noted Agent to a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal Vociferations on certain Occasions with Half-a-Crown each Man.

Sooner

Sooner *T—r—l* shall with *Tully* vie :
 Or *W—n—n* in Senate scorn a —
 Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her Fate
 From *M—b's* or *A—n's* Debate.

THO' fawning Flatt'ry ne'er shall taint my Lays
 Yet know, when Virtue calls, I burst to praise.
 Behold yon * Temple rais'd by *Cobham's* Hand,
 Sacred to Worthies of his Native Land :
 Ages were ransack'd for the Wise and Great,
 Till *Barnard* came, and made the Groupe compleat.
 Be *Barnard* there—enliven'd by the Voice,
 Each Busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the Choice.

POINTLESS all Satire in these Iron Times,
 Too faint are Colours, and too feeble Rhimes.
 Rise then, gay Fancy, future Glories bring,
 And stretch o'er happier Days thy healing Wing.

RAPT into Thought, Lo ! I *Britannia* see
 Rising superior o'er the subject Sea ;
 View her gay Pendants spread their silken Wings,
 Big with the Fate of Empires and of Kings :
 The tow'ring Barks dance lightly o'er the Main,
 And roll their Thunder thro' the Realms of *Spain*.

* The Temple of *British* Worthies in the Gardens at *Stow*,
 in which the Lord *Cobham* has lately erected the Busto of Sir
John Barnard.

C

Peace,

Peace, violated Maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our Shore ;
While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her Train,
Glads every Heart, and crowns the Warrior's Pain.
On Fancy, on ! still stretch the pleasing Scene,
And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden Reign ;
Chear'd by whose Beams ev'n meagre Want can smile,
And the poor Peasant whistle 'midst his Toil.

SUCH Days, what *Briton* wishes not to see ?
And such each *Briton*, FRED'RICK, hopes from
Thee.

F I N I S.



THE
STATE DUNCES.

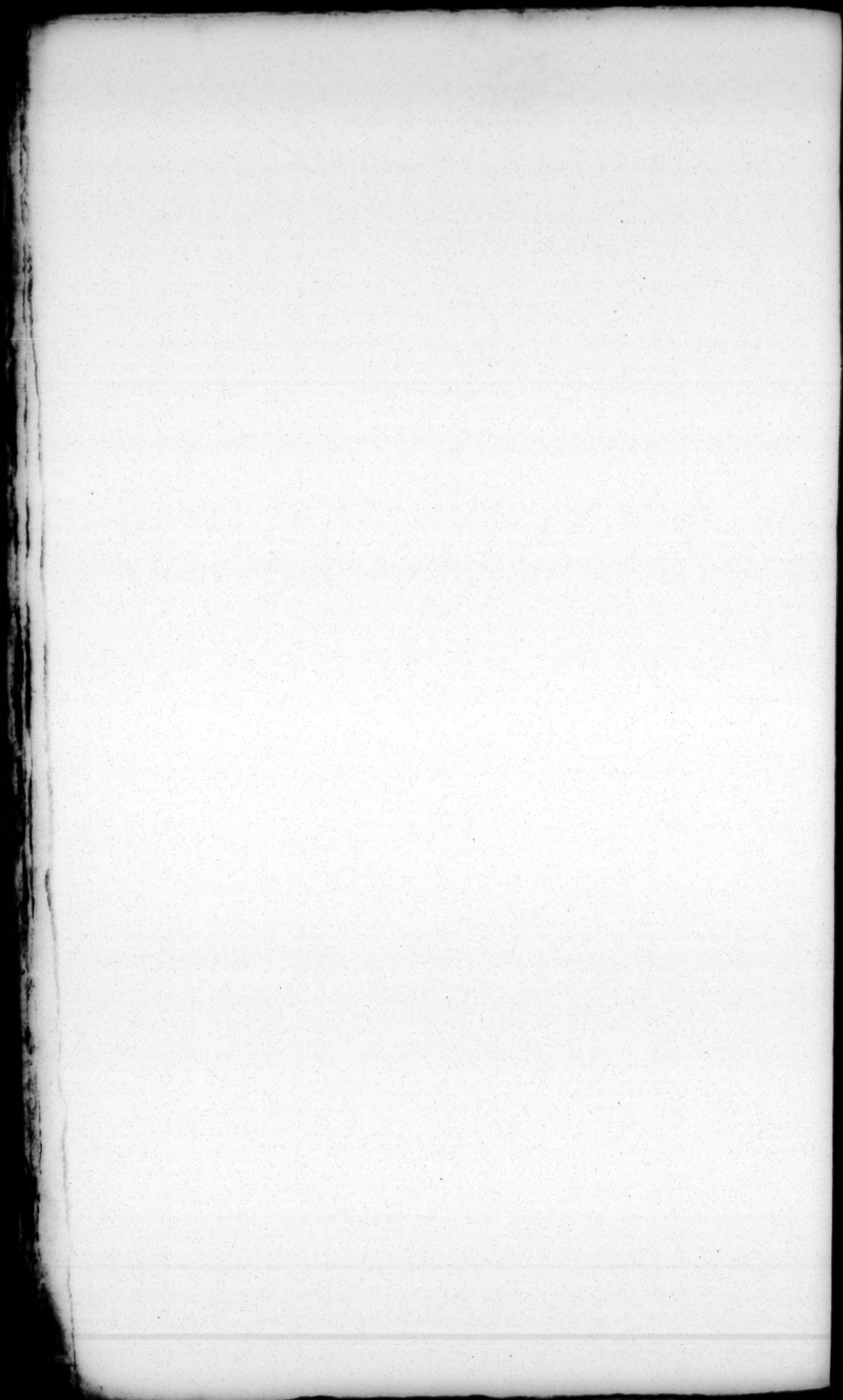
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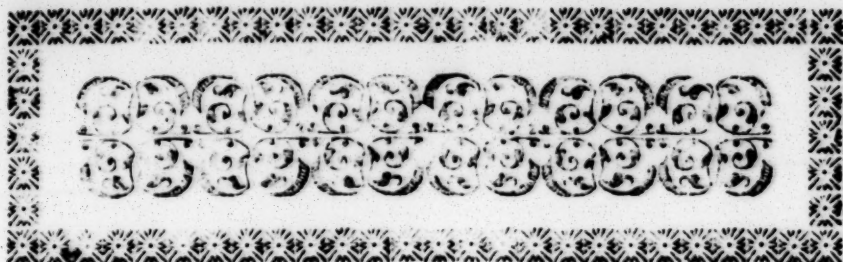
*I from my Soul sincerely hate
Both ——— and M———rs of State.*

SWIFT.



ISLINGTON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXLVIII.





T H E
STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIBED TO
Mr. P O P E.



HILE cringing Crowds at faithless Le-
vees wait,
Fond to be Fools of Fame, or Slaves of
State,

And others, studious to encrease their Store,
Plough the rough Ocean for *Peruvian* Ore ;

How

How blest thy Fate whom calmer Hours attend,
 Peace thy Companion, Fame thy faithful Friend ;
 While in thy *Twick'nam* Bow'rs devoid of Care,
 You feast the Fancy, and enchant the Ear ;
Thames gently rolls her silver Tide along,
 And the charm'd *Naiads* listen to thy Song.

HERE peaceful pass the gentle Hours away,
 While tuneful Science measures out the Day !
 Here happy Bard, as various Fancies lead,
 You paint the blooming Maid, or flow'ry Mead !
 Sound the rough Clangour of tumultuous *War*, *
 Or sing the ravish'd *Tendrils* of the Fair ! §
 Now melting move the tender Tear to flow,
 And wake our Sighs with *Eloisa's* Woe. ||
 But chief to *Dulness* ever Foe decreed.
 The *Apes* of Science with thy *Satire* bleed ; †
P—rs, *Poets*, *Panders*, mingle in the Throng,
 Smart with thy Touch, and tremble at thy Song. ‡

YET vain, O *Pope* ! is all thy sharpest Rage,
 Still starv'ling *Dunces* persecute the Age ;
 Faithful to Folly, or enrag'd with Spite,
 Still *tasteless Timons* build, and *Tibbalds* write ;

* *Homer.*

§ Rape of the Lock.

|| *Eloisa to Abelard.*† *Dunciad.*‡ *Epistles.*

* Still

* Still *Welfstead* tunes his Beer-inspired Lays,
 And *Ralph*, in Metre, howls forth *Stanhope's* Praise :
 Ah ! hapless Victim to the Poet's Flame,
 While his Eulogiums crucify thy Fame.

Shall embryo Wits thy studious Hours engage,
 Live in thy Labours, and *prophane* thy Page ;
 While Virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy Lays,
 And claims the tuneful Tribute of thy Praise ?
 Can *Pope* be silent, and not grateful lend
 One Strain to sing the *Patriot* and the *Friend* ;
 Who nobly anxious in his Country's Cause,
 Maintains her Honours, and defends her Laws :
 Could I, my Bard, but equal Numbers raise,
 Then would I sing — for oh ! I burst to praise :
 Sing how a *Pult'ney* charms the list'ning Throng,
 While *Senates* hang enraptur'd on his Tongue ;
 With *Tully's* Fire how each Oration glows,
 In *Tully's* Music, how each Period flows !

* Still *Welfstead*, and *Ralph*] Two Authors, remarkable for nothing so much as the Figure they make in the *Dunciad*, where Mr. *Pope* has condescended to drag them from Obscurity, and damn them with *Immortality* ; yet they have both ventur'd out in Print since they were enter'd Dunces on Record ; the one in a few bad Verses against Mr. *Pope's Taste*, the other in a dull Epistle to Lord *Chesterfield* ; but both these Pieces are entirely lost to Fame and Memory, as their Authors are to Modesty and Common Sense.

In-

Instruct each Babe to lisp the Patriot's Name,
Who in each Bosom breathes a *Roman* Flame.

So when the *Genius* of the *Roman* Age
Stemm'd the strong Torrent of tyrannic Rage,
In Freedom's Cause each glowing Breast he warm'd,
And like a *Pult'ney*, then a *Brutus* charm'd.

How blest, while we a *British Brutus* see,
And all the *Roman* stands confest in Thee !
Equal thy Worth, but equal were thy Doom,
To save *Britannia* as he rescu'd *Rome* ;
He from a *Tarquin* snatch'd the destin'd Prey,
Britannia still laments a *W——*'s Sway.

ARISE, my tuneful Bard, nor thus in vain
Let thy *Britannia*, whom thou lov'st, complain :
If thou in meanful Lays relate her Woe,
Each Heart shall bleed, each Eye with Pity flow ;
If to Revenge you swell the sounding Strain,
Revenge and Fury fire each *British* Swain :
Obsequious to thy Verse each Breast shall move,
Or burn with Rage, or soften into Love.

O let *Britannia* be her Poet's Care !
And lash the *Spoiler*, while you save the *Fair*.
Lo ! where he stands amidst the *servile* Crew ;
Nor Blushes stain his Cheek with crimson Hue,

While

While dire *Corruption* all around he spreads,
 And e'ry *ductile Conscience* captive leads :
 Brib'd by his Boons, behold the *venal* Band,
 Worship the *Idol* they could once command :
 So *Britain's* now, as *Judah's* Sons before,
 First raise a *GOLDEN CALF*, and then adore.

LET dull *Parnassian* Sons of Rhime, no more
 Provoke thy Satire, and employ thy Pow'r ;
 New Objects rise to share an equal Fate,
 The *big, rich, mighty, Dunces* of the State.
 Shall *Ralph, Cooke, Welsted*, then engross thy Rage,
 While Courts afford a *H—, Y—, or G—* ;
Dulness no more roosts only near the Sky,
 But *Senates, Drawing-rooms*, with *Garrets* vye ;
 Plump *P—rs*, and beardless Bards alike are dull,
St. James's and *Rag-fair*, club Fool for Fool.

Amidst the *mighty Dull*, behold how great
 An *Appius* swells the *Tibbald* of the State ;
 Long had he strove to spend his lawless Sway
 O'er *Britain's* Sons, and force them to obey ;
 But blasted all his blooming Hopes, he flies
 To vent his Woe, and mourn his lost *Ex--se*.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
 Loads of dull Lumber, all inspir'd by *Pay* :

D

Here,

J

Here, puny Pamphlets, spun from *Prelates* Brains ;
 There the smooth Jingle of *Cook's* lighter Strains :
 Here, *Walsingham's* soft lulling Opiates spread ;
 There gloomy *Osborn's* Quintessence of Lead :
 With these the *Statesman* strove to ease his Care,
 To sooth his Sorrows, and divert Despair ;
 But long his Grief Sleep's gentle Aid denies,
 At length a slumb'rous *Briton* clos'd his Eyes.

YET vain the healing Balm of downy Rest,
 To chase his Woe, or ease his lab'ring Breast ;
 Now frightful Forms rise hideous to his View,
More, Strafford, Laud, and all the headless Crew ;
Daggers and *Halters* boding, Terror breeds,
 And here a *Dudley* swings, there *Villiers* bleeds.

Now Goddess *Dulness*, watchful o'er his Fate,
 And ever anxious for her Child of State,
 From Couch of Down, slow rais'd her drowsy Head,
 Forsook her Slumbers, and to *Appius* sped.

Awake, my Son, Awake, the Goddess cries,
 Nor longer mourn thy darling lost *Ex--se* ;
 (Here the sad Sound unseal'd the Statesman's Eyes)
 Why slumbers thus my Son, oppress'd with Care,
 While *Dulness* rules, say, shall her Sons despair ?
 O'er all I spread my universal Sway,
K—gs, P—tes, P—rs, and *Rulers* all obey :

Lo !

Lo! in the *Church* my mighty Pow'r I shew,
 In Pulpit preach, and slumber in the Pew;
 The *Bench* and *Bar* alike my Influence owns,
 Here prate my *Magpies*, and there doze my *Drones*.
 In the grave *Dons*, how formal is my Mien,
 Who rule the Gallipots of *Warwick-lane*:
 At Court behold me strut in *Purple-Pride*,
 At *Hockley* roar, and in *Crane-Court* preside.
 But chief in Thee, my mighty Pow'r is seen,
 'Tis I inspire thy Mind, and fill thy Mien;
 On Thee, my Child, my duller Blessings shed,
 And pour my *Opium* o'er thy fav'rite Head;
 Rais'd Thee a Ruler of *Britannia's* Fate,
 And led Thee blund'ring to the Helm of State.

Here bow'd the Statesman low, and thus address;
 O Goddess, sole Inspirer of my Breast!
 To gall the *British* Neck with *Gallic* Chain,
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;
 While *Caleb*, Rebel to thy sacred Pow'r,
 Unveils those Eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er;
 Makes *Britain's* Sons my dark Designs foresee,
 Blast all my Schemes, and struggle to be free.
 O had my Projects met a milder Fate,
 How had I reign'd a Bashaw of the State!
 How o'er *Britannia* spread m' Imperial Sway!
 How taught each free-born *Briton* to obey!

No smiling Freedom then had cheer'd her Swains,
 But *Asia's* Desarts vy'd with *Albion's* Plains :
Turks, Vandals, BRITAIN! then compar'd with thee,
 Had hugg'd their Chains, and joy'd that they were free;
 While wond'ring Nations all around had seen
 Me rise a Great *Mogul*, or *Mazarin* :
 Then had I taught *Britannia* to adore,
 Then led her Captive to my lawless Pow'r.
 Methinks I view her now no more appear
 First in the Train, and Fairest 'midst the Fair ;
 Joyless I see the lovely Mourner lye,
 Nor glow her Cheek, nor sparkle now her Eye ;
 Faded each Grace, no smiling Feature warm ;
 Torn all her Tresses, blighted ev'ry Charm ;
 Nor teeming Plenty now each Valley crowns,
Slaves are her Sons, and *Tradeless* all her Towns.
 For this, behold yon *peaceful Army* fed ;
 For this, on *Senates* see my Bounty shed ;
 For this, what Wonders, Goddesses, have I wrought !
 How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought ;
 What wand'ring Maze of Error blunder'd thro',
 And how repair'd old Blunders still by new !
 Hence the long Train of never-ending Jars,
 Of *warful Peaces*, and of *peaceful Wars*,
 Each *mystick Treaty* of the mighty Store,
 Which to explain, demands *ten Treaties* more :
 Hence *Scarecrow Navies*, *floating Raree-Shows*,
 And hence *Ibera's* Pride, and *Britain's* Woes.

These

These wond'rous Works, O Goddess, have I done,
Works ever worthy *Dulness*'s fav'rite Son.

Lo ! on thy Sons alone my Favours show'r,
None share my Bounty that disdain thy Pow'r :
Yon *Feathers*, *Ribbons*, Titles light as Air,
Behold thy choicest Children only share ;
Each views the *Pageant* with admiring Eyes,
And fondly grasps the visionary Prize ;
Now proudly spreads his *Leading-string* of State,
And thinks to be a *Wretch* is to be *Great*.

BUT turn, O Goddess, turn thine Eyes, and view
The darling *Leaders* of thy gloomy Crew.

FULL open-mouth'd N———e there behold,
Aping a *Tully*, swell into a *Scold*,
Grievous to mortal Ear ;———As at the Place
Where loud-tongu'd Virgins vend the scaly Race,
Harsh Peals of vocal Thunder fill the Skies,
And stunning Sounds in hideous Discord rise ;
So when he tries the wond'rous Pow'r of Noise,
Each hapless Ear's a Victim to his Voice.

How blest, O *Cheselden* ! whose Art can mend
Those Ears N———e was ordain'd to rend.

SEE H——n secure in Silence sit,
No empty Words betray his Want of Wit ;

If

If Sense in hiding Folly is express'd,
O *H——n*, thy Wisdom stands confess'd.

To *Dulness* sacred Cause for ever true,
Thy darling *Caledonian*, Goddess view,
The Pride and Glory of thy *Scotia's* Plains,
And faithful Leader of her *venal* Swains,
Loaded he moves beneath a servile Weight,
The dull laborious *Packhorse* of the State;
Drudges thro' Tracks of Infamy for Pay,
And hackneys out his Conscience by the Day:
Yonder behold the busy *peerless* Peer,
With Aspect meagre and important Air;
His Form how *Gothic*, and his Looks how Sage!
He seems the living *Plato* of the Age.

Blest Form! in which alone thy Merit's seen,
Since all thy *Wisdom* centers in thy *Mien*!

HERE *E——*, *A—b——le* (for Senates fit)
And *W—by* the Wife in Council fit:
Here Looby *G—n*, *Gr—m* ever dull,
By Birth a *Senator*, by Fate a *F—l*.

WHILE these, *Britannia*, watchful o'er thy State,
Maintain thine Honours, and direct thy Fate,
How shall admiring Nations round adore,
Behold thy Greatness, tremble at thy Pow'r.

How

How *Sheba's* come, invited by thy Fame,
Revere thy Wisdom, and extol thy Name !

Lo ! to yon *Bench* now, Goddess, turn thine Eyes,
And view thy Sons in solemn Dulness rise,
All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
Each Form confess thy dull Divinity ;
True to thy Cause, behold each *trencher'd Sage*
Increas'd in Folly, as advanc'd in Age :
Here *Ch—r*, learn'd in mystic Prophecy,
Confuting *Collins*, makes each Prophet lie :
Poor *Woolston* by thy *Smallbrook* there assail'd,
Goals sure convinc'd him, tho' the *Prelate* fail'd.

BUT chief *Pastorius*, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of Sense, of Zeal divinely full,
Retails his Squibs of Science o'er the Town,
While *Charges*, *Past'ral*s, thro' each Street resound ;
These teach a heav'nly *Jesus* to obey,
While those maintain an earthly *Appius* Sway.
Thy Gospel Truth, *Pastorius*, crost we see, *
While *God* and *Mammon's* serv'd at once by Thee.

WHO would not trim, speak, vote, or Conscience
To lord it o'er a See, and swell in Lawn ? (pawn,

* A Prelate noted for writing Spiritual Pastorals and Temporal Charges ; in the one he endeavours to serve the Cause of Christianity, in the other the Mammon of a Ministry.

If Arts like these, O *S—k*, Honours claim,
 Than Thee none merits more the Prelate's Name :
 Wond'ring behold him faithful to his Fee,
 Proves Parliaments *dependent* to be free ;
 In Senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
 For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
 Since Courts for this their fated Gifts decree,
 Say what is Reputation to a *See* ?

Lo ! o'er yon Flood *H—e* casts his low'ring Eyes,
 And wishful sees the rev'rend Turrets rise.
 While *Lambeth* opens to thy longing View,
 Hapless ! the *Mitre* ne'er can bind thy Brow :
 Tho' Courts should deign the Gift, how wond'rous hard
 By thy own Doctrines still to be debar'd ;
 For if from *Change* * such mighty Evil springs,
Translations sure, O *H—e* ! are sinful Things.

THESE Rulers see, and nameless Numbers more,
 O Goddess, of thy Train the choicest Store,
 Who Ignorance in Gravity entrench,
 And grace alike the *Pulpit* and the *Bench*.

FULL plac'd and pension'd see *H—r—o* stands ;
 Begrimm'd his Face, unpurify'd his Hands ;

* A noted Sermon preached on the 30th of *January* on this
 Text, *Woe be unto them that are given to Change, &c.*

To Decency he scorns all nice Pretence,
 And reigns firm Foe to Cleanliness and Sense.
 How did *H—r—o* BRITAIN'S Cause advance !
 How shine the *Sloven* and *Buffoon* of France.
 In Senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
 Of *Treaties* run the tedious Train-trow o'er !
 How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
 And how keep secret what should be reveal'd !
 True Child of *Dulness* ! see him, Goddess, claim
 Pow'r next myself, as next in Birth and Fame.

Silence ! ye Senates, while enribban'd *Y—e*
 Pours forth melodious Nothings from his Tongue !
 How sweet the Accents play around the Ear,
 Form'd of smooth Periods, and of well-tun'd Air !
 Leave, gentle *Y—e*, the Senate's dry Debate,
 Nor labour 'midst the Labyrinths of State ;
 Suit thy soft Genius to more tender Themes,
 And sing of cooling Shades, and purling Streams ;
 With modern Sing-song murder ancient Plays, †
 Or warble in sweet Ode a *Brunswick's* Praise :
 So shall thy Strains in purer *Dulness* flow,
 And Laurels wither on a *C—bb—r's* Brow.

† This Gentleman, with the Assistance of *Roome*, *Concanen*,
 and several others, committed a barbarous Murder on the Body
 of an old Comedy, by turning it into a modern Ballad Opera ;
 which was scarce exhibited on the Stage, before it was thought
 necessary to be contracted into one Act.

E

Say,

Say, can the Statesman wield the Poet's Quill,
 And quit the *Senate* for *Parnassus'* Hill?
 Since there no venal Vote a Pension shares,
 Nor wants *Apollo* Lords Commissioners.

THERE *W*—— and *P*——, Goddess view,
 Firm in thy Cause, and to thy *Appius* true:
 Lo! from their Labours what Reward betides!
 One pays my Army, one my Navy guides.

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the Fair,
 * Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair,
 O'er baleful Tea with Females taught to blame,
 And spread a Slander o'er a Virgin's Fame;
 Form'd for these softer Airs shall *H*——ey strain
 With stubborn Politicks his tender Brain!
 For Ministers laborious Pamphlets write,
 In Senates prattle, and with Patriots fight!
 Thy fond Ambition, *pretty Youth*, give o'er,
 Preside at Balls, old Fashions lost restore;
 So shall each Toilet in thy Cause engage,
 And *H*——ey shine a *P*——re of the Age.

BEHOLD a Star emblazon *C*——n's Coat,
 Not that the Knight has Merit, but a Vote.

* As this is the only living Instance of the surprizing Genius and Abilities of these Wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.

And

And here, O Goddeſs, num'rous Wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a *Penſion*, *Ribband*, or a *Place*.

To murder Science, and my Cauſe defend,
Now Shoals of *Grubſtreet* Garreteers deſcend ;
From *Schools* and *Deſks* the writing Inſects crawl,
Unlade their Dulneſs, and for *Appius* bawl.

Lo ! to thy darling *Osborne* turn thine Eyes,
See him o'er Politicks ſuperior riſe ;
While *Caleb* feels the Venom of his Quill,
And wond'ring Miniſters reward his Skill :
Unlearn'd in Logic, yet he writes by Rule,
And proves himſelf in Syllogiſm ——— a Fool ;
Now flies obedient, War with Senſe to wage,
And drags th' Idea thro' the painful Page :
Unread, unanswer'd, ſtill he writes again,
Still ſpins the endleſs Cobweb of his Brain ;
Charm'd with each Line, reviewing what he writ,
Bleſſes his Stars, and wonders at his Wit.

NOR leſs, O *Walsingham*, thy Worth appears !
Alike in Merit, tho' unlike in Years :
Ill fated Youth ! what Stars malignant ſhed
Their baneful Influence o'er thy brainleſs Head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read !
For Bread to libel Liberty and Senſe,
And damn thy Patron weakly with Defence.

}

Drench'd in the fable Flood, O hadst thou still
 O'er Skins of Parchment drove thy venal Quill,
 At *Temple* Alehouse told an idle Tale,
 And pawn'd thy Credit for a Mug of Ale ;
 Unknown to *Appius* then had been thy Name,
 Unlac'd thy Coat, unsacrific'd his Fame ;
 Nor vast unvended Reams would *Peele* deplore,
 As Victims destin'd to the Common-Shore.

As Dunces to Dunces in endless Numbers breed,
 So to *Concanen* see a *Ralph* succeed,
 A tiny Witling of these Writing Days,
 Full fam'd for tuneless Rhimes, and short-liv'd Plays.
 Write on my *luckless Bard*, still unasham'd,
 Tho' burnt thy Journals, and thy Drama's damn'd ;
 'Tis Bread inspires thy Politicks and Lays,
 Not Thirst of *Immortality* or *Praise*.

THESE, Goddesses, view the choicest of thy Train,
 While yet unnumber'd *Dunces* still remain,
 Deans, Critics, Lawyers, Bards, a motley Crew,
 To *Dulness* faithful, as to *Appius* true.

Enough, the Goddess cries, Enough I've seen,
 While these support, secure my Son shall reign.
 Still shalt thou blund'ring rule *Britannia's* Fate,
 Still *Grubstreet* hail Thee *Minister of State*.

F I N I S.

HONOUR.

A

SATIRE.

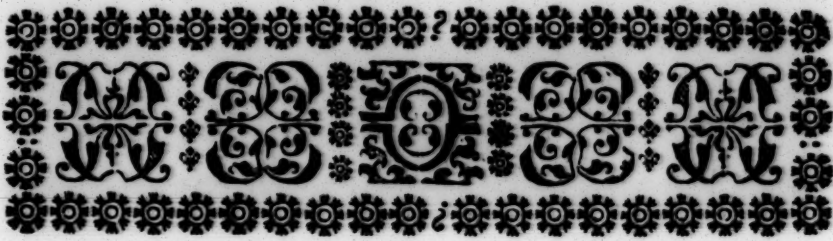
*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim ;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.* HOR.

By Mr. WHITEHEAD.



ISLINGTON:

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HONOUR.

A

SATIRE.

“  O A D, Load the Pallet, Boy !” hark !
“ HOGARTH cries,
“ Fast as I paint fresh Swarms of Fools
“ arise !

“ Groups rise on Groups, and mock the Pencil’s Pow’r,
“ To catch each new blown Folly of the Hour.”

WHILE hum’rous HOGARTH paints each Folly dead,
Shall Vice triumphant rear it’s Hydra Head ?

At

At Satire's sovereign Nod disdain to shrink?
 New Reams of Paper, and fresh Floods of Ink!
 On then, my Muse! *Herculean* Labours dare,
 And wage with Virtue's Foes eternal War;
 Range thro' the Town in search of ev'ry Ill,
 And cleanse th' *Augean* Stable with thy Quill.

“ BUT what avails the Poignance of the Song;
 “ Since all (you cry) still persevere in Wrong?
 “ Would courtly Crimes to *MULGRAVE*'s Muse submit?
 “ Or blush'd the Monarch tho' a * *WILMOT* writ?
 “ Still pander Peers disgrac'd the Rooms of State,
 “ Still *Cæsar*'s Bed sustain'd a foreign Weight;
 “ Slaves worshipp'd still the golden Calf of Pow'r,
 “ And Bishops, bowing, bless'd the scarlet Whore.
 “ Shall then thy Verse the guilty Great reclaim,
 “ Tho' fraught with *DRYDEN*'s Heaven-descended
 “ Flame?
 “ Will Harpy *H**e*, from his mould'ring Store,
 “ Drag forth one chearing Drachma to the Poor?
 “ Or *H***n*, unfaithful to the Seal,
 “ Throw in one Suffrage for the Public Weal?
 “ Pointless all Satire, and misplac'd its Aim,
 “ To wound the Bosom, that's obdur'd to Shame:
 “ The callous Heart ne'er feels the Goad within;
 “ Few dread the Censure, who can dare the Sin.”

* Earl of *Rochester*.

THO'

THO' on the Culprit's Cheek no Blush should glow,
 Still let me mark him to Mankind a Foe :
 Strike but the Deer, however slight the Wound,
 It serves at least to drive him from the sound.
 Shall reptile Sinners frowning Justice fear,
 And pageant Titles privilege the Peer ?
 So falls the humbler Game in common Fields,
 While the branch'd Beast the royal Forest shields.
 On, Satire, then ! pursue thy gen'rous Plan,
 And wind the Vice, regardless of the Man.
 Rouze, rouze ! th' ennobl'd Herd for public Sport,
 And hunt them thro' the Covert of a Court.

JUST as the Play'r the mimic Portrait draws,
 All claim a Right of Censure or Applause :
 What guards the Place-man from an equal Fate,
 Who mounts but Actor on the Stage of State ?
 Subject alike to each Man's Praise and Blame,
 Each critic Voice the *Fiat* of his Fame ;
 Tho' to the private some Respect we pay,
 All *public* Characters are *public* Prey :
 P——m and G——k, let the Verse forbear
 What sanctifies the *Treasurer* or *Play'r*.

GREAT in her laurel'd Sages *Athens* see,
 Free flow'd her Satire while her Sons were free :
 Then purpl'd Guilt was dragg'd to public Shame ;
 And each Offence stood flagrant with a Name ;
 F Polluted

Polluted Ermine no Respect could win,
 No hallow'd Lawn could sanctify a Sin ;
 'Till tyrant Power usurp'd a lawless Rule :
 Then sacred grew the titled Knave and Fool ;
 Then penal Statutes aw'd the poignant Song,
 And Slaves were taught that *Kings could do no Wrong*.

GUILT still is Guilt, to me, in Slave or King,
 Fetter'd in Cells, or garter'd in the Ring ;
 And yet behold how various the Reward,
 WILD falls a Felon, * W——E mounts a Lord.
 The *little* Knave the Law's last Tribute pays,
 While Crowns around the *great* One's Chariot blaze.
 Blaze Meteors, blaze ! to me is still the same,
 The Cart of Justice and the Coach of Shame.

SAY, what's Nobility, ye gilded Train !
 Does Nature give it, or can Guilt sustain ?
 Blooms the Form fairer, if the Birth be high ;
 Or takes the vital Stream a richer Dye ?
 What ! tho' a long Patrician Line ye claim,
 Are noble Souls entail'd upon a Name ?
Anstis may ermine out the lordly Earth,
 Virtue's the Herald that proclaims its Worth.

* Tho' the Person here meant, has indeed paid the Debt of Nature, yet, as he left that of Justice unsatisfy'd, the Author apprehends that the Public are indisputably entitled to the Assets of his Reputation.

HENCE

HENCE mark the Radiance of a *Stanhope's* Star,
 And Glow-worm glitter of thine *D***r* :
 Ignoble Splendor ! that but shines to all,
 The humble Badge of a Court Hospital.
 Let lofty *L**r* wave his nodding Plume,
 Boast all the blushing Honours of the Loom,
 Resplendent Bondage no Regard can bring,
 'Tis *Methuen's* Heart must dignify the String.

VICE levels all, however high or low ;
 And all the Difference but consists in Show.
 Who asks an Alms, or supplicates a Place,
 Alike is Beggar, tho' in Rags or Lace :
 Alike his Country's Scandal and its Curse,
 Who vends a Vote, or who purloins a Purse ;
 Thy Gamblers *Bridewell*, and St. *J's*'s Bites,
 The Rooks of *Mordington's*, and Sharks at *White's*.

“ WHY will you urge, *Eugenio* crys, your Fate ?
 “ Affords the Town no Sins but Sins of State ?
 “ Perches Vice only on the Court's high Hill ?
 “ Or yields Life's Vale no Quarry for the Quill ? ”
 Manners, like Fashions, still from Courts descend,
 And what the Great begin, the Vulgar end.
 If vicious, then, the Mode, correct it here ;
 He saves the Peasant, who reforms the Peer.

What *Hounslow* Knight would stray from Honour's Path,
If guided by a Brother of the *B*b* ?

HONOUR's a Mistress all Mankind pursue ;
Yet most mistake the false One, for the true :
Lur'd by the Trappings, dazzl'd by the Paint,
We worship oft the Idol for the Saint.
Court'd by all, by few the Fair is won,
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun :
Naked she flies to Merit in Distress,
And leaves to Courts the Garnish of her Dress.

THE million'd Merchant seeks her in his Gold ;
In Schools the Pedant, and in Camps the Bold :
The Courtier views her with admiring Eyes,
Flutter in Ribbons, or in Titles rise :
Sir *Epicene* enjoys her in his Plume ;
M*d in the learned Waincot of a Room :
By various Ways, all woo the modest Maid ;
Yet lose the Substance, grasping at the Shade.

WHO, smiling, sees not with what various Strife,
Man blindly runs the giddy Maze of Life ?
To the same End, still diff'rent Means employs,
This builds a Church, a Temple That destroys ;
Both anxious to obtain a deathless Name,
Yet erring, both mistake *Report* for *Fame*.

REPORT,

REPORT, tho' Vulture-like the Name it bear,
 Drags but the carrion Carcass thro' the Air ;
 While *Fame*, Jove's nobler Bird, superior flies,
 And, soaring, mounts the Mortal to the Skies.
 So * RICHARD's Name to distant Ages borne,
 Unhappy RICHARD still is *Britain's* Scorn :
 Be EDWARD's waisted on *Fame's* eagle Wing,
 Each Patriot mourns the long departed King ;
 Yet thine, O EDWARD ! shall to ***'s yield,
 And *Dettingen* eclipse a *Cressy's* Field.

THRO' Life's wild Ocean, who would safely roam,
 And bring the golden Fleece of Glory home,
 Must heedful shun the barking *Scylla's* Roar,
 And fell *Charybdis'* all-devouring Shoar ;
 With steady Helm an equal Course support,
 'Twixt Faction's Rocks, and Quickfands of a Court ;
 By Virtue's Beacon still direct his Aim,
 Thro' Honour's Channel to the Port of *Fame*.

YET, on this Sea, how all Mankind are tost,
 For one that's fav'd, what Multitudes are lost !
 Misguided by *Ambition's* treach'rous Light,
 Thro' Want of Skill, few make the Harbour right.

HENCE mark what Wrecks of Virtue, Friendship,
 For four dead Letters added to a Name ! [Fame,

* Richard the 2d.

Whence

Whence dwells such Syren Music in a Word,
 Or sounds not *Brutus* noble as *My Lord*?
 Tho' Crownets, P**y, blazon on thy Plate,
 Adds the base Mark one Scruple to its Weight?
 Tho' Sounds Patrician, swell thy Name, O S**ds!
 Stretches one Acre thy Plebeian Lands?
 Say, the proud Title meant to plume the Son,
 Why gain by Guilt, what Virtue might have won?
 Vain shall the Son his herald Honours trace,
 Whose Parent *Peer*'s but *Patriot* in Disgrace.

VAIN, on the solemn Head of hoary Age,
 Totters the Mitre, if *Ambition*'s Rage,
 To mammon Pow'r, the hallow'd Heart incline,
 And Titles only mark the *Priest* divine.
 Blest Race! to whom the golden Age remains,
 Ease without Care, and Plenty without Pains;
 For you the Earth unlabour'd Treasure yields,
 And the rich Sheaves spontaneous crown the Fields;
 No toilsom Dews pollute the rev'rend Brow,
 Each holy Hand unhardened by the Plow;
 Still burst the sacred Garners with their Store,
 And Flails, unceasing, thunder on the Floor.

O bounteous Heaven! yet Heav'n how seldom shares,
 The titheful Tribute of the *Prelate*'s Pray'rs!
 Lost to the Stall, in S**s still they nod,
 And all the *Monarch* steals them from the God;

Thy

Thy Praises, B-w-k, every Breast inspire,
 The Throne their Altar, and the Court their Choir;
 Here earlier Incense they devoutly bring,
 Here everlasting Hallelujahs sing;
 Thou! only Thou! almighty to — *translate*,
 Thou their great golden Deity of State.

Who seeks on Merit's Stock to graft Success,
 In vain invokes the Ray of Pow'r to bless;
 The Stem, too stubborn for the courtly Soil,
 With barren Branches mocks the virtuous Toil.
 More pliant Plants the royal Regions suit,
 Where Knowledge still is held *forbidden Fruit*.
 'Tis these alone the kindly Nurture share,
 And all *Hesperia's* golden Treasures bear.

Let Folly still be Fortune's fondling Heir,
 And Science meet a Step-dame in the Fair.
 Let Courts, like Fortune, disinheret Sense,
 And take the idiot Charge from Providence.
 The idiot Head, the Cap and Bells may fit,
 But how disguise a L***N and P*T?

O! once lov'd Youths! *Britannia's* blooming Hope,
 Fair Freedom's Twins, and once the Theme of POPE;
 What wond'ring Senates on your Accents hung,
 E'er Flattery's Poison chill'd the patriot Tongue?
Rome's sacred Thunder awes no more the Ear,
 But P**M smiles, who trembled once to hear.

SAY,

SAY, whence this Change, less galling is the Chain,
 Tho' W**E, C***T, or a P**M reign?
 If S**s still the poisonous *Bane* imbibe,
 And every Palm grows callous with the Bribe;
 If sev'n long Years mature the venal Voice,
 While Freedom mourns her long defrauded Choice;
 If Justice waves o'er Fraud a lenient Hand,
 And the red Locust rages thro' the Land.

SUNK in these Bonds, to BRITAIN what avails,
 Who wields her Swords, or balances her Scales.
 Veer round the Compass, Change to Change succeed,
 By every Son, the Mother now must bleed:
 Vain all her Hosts, on Foreign Shores array'd,
 Tho' lost by W**H, or preserv'd by W**E.
 Fleets once which spread thro' distant Worlds her Name!
 Now ride inglorious Trophies of her Shame;*
 While fading Laurels shade her drooping Head, (dead!
 And mark her BURLEIGHS, BLAKES, and MALBROS

SUCH were thy Sons, O happy ISLE! of old,
 In Counsel prudent, and in Action bold:

* Alluding to the ever-memorable NO-FIGHT in the Mediterranean: — As the Nation was unluckily the only Victim on that Occasion, the *Lenity* of our Aquarian Judicature has, I think, evidently prov'd, that a *Court-Martial* and a *Martial-Court* are by no Means synonymous Terms.

Now

Now view a P***M puzzling o'er thy Fate,
 Lost in the Maze of a perplex'd Debate :
 And sage N***E, with fraternal Skill,
 Guard the nice Conduct of a Nation's Quill.
 See Truncheons trembling in the Coward Hand,
 Tho' bold Rebellion half subdued the Land ;
 While Ocean's God, indignant, wrests again
 The long deputed Trident of the Main. *

SLEEP our *last* Heroes in the silent Tomb ?
 Why spring no future Worthies from the Womb ?
 Not Nature sure, since Nature's still the same,
 But Education bars the Road to Fame.
 Who hopes for Wisdom's Crop must till the Soul,
 And Virtue's early Lesson should controul :
 To the young Breast, who Valour would impart,
 Must plant it by Example in the Heart.

E'ER BRITAIN fell to mimic Modes a Prey,
 And took the *foreign Polish* of our Day,
 Train'd to the martial Labours of the Field,
 Our Youth were taught the massy Spear to wield ;

* The Reader will readily conclude these Lines were written before our worthy Admirals ANSON and WARREN had so eminently distinguish'd themselves in the Service of their Country.

In Halcyon Peace, beneath whose downy Wings,
 The Merchant smiles, and labouring Peasant sings,
 With Civil Arts to guard their Country's Cause,
 Direct her Counsels, and defend her Laws :
 Hence a long Race of ancient Worthies rose,
 Adorn'd the Land, and triumph'd o'er our Foes.

YE sacred Shades ! who thro' th' Elysian Grove,
 With Rome's fam'd Chiefs, and Grecian Sages rove,
 Blush to behold what Arts your Offspring grace,
 Each fopling Heir now marks his Sire's Disgrace ;
 An Embrio Breed ! of such a doubtful Frame,
 You scarce could know the Sex but by the Name :
 Fraught with the native Follies of his Home,
 Torn from the Nurse, the Babe of Birth must roam ;
 Thro' foreign Climes exotic Vice explore,
 And cull each Weed, regardless of the Flow'r ;
 Proud of thy Spoils, O *Italy* and *France* !
 The soft enervate Strain, and cap'ring Dance ;
 From *Sequan's* Streams, and winding Banks of *Po*,
 He comes, ye Gods ! an all-accomplish'd Beau !
 Unhumaniz'd in Dress, with Cheek so wan !
 He mocks GOD's Image in the mimic Man :
 Great Judge of Arts ! o'er Toilets now presides,
 Corrects our Fashions, or an *Opera* guides ;
 From Tyrant *HANDEL* rends th' Imperial Bay,
 And guards the *Magna Charta* of — *Sol-fa*.

SICK of a Land where *Virtue* dwells no more,
See LIBERTY prepar'd to quit our Shore,
Pruning her Pinions, on yon beacon'd Height
The Goddess stands, and meditates her Flight;
Now spreads her Wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er BRITAIN casts a pitying Eye;
Loath to depart, methinks I hear her say,
“ *Why urge me thus, ungrateful ISLE, away!*
“ For you, I left *Achaia's* happy Plains,
“ For you resign'd my *Romans* to their Chains;
“ Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite Seat,
“ And midst the mighty Nations made THEE great;
“ *Why urge me then, ungrateful ISLE, away!*
Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say.

O STANHOPE ! * skill'd in every moving Art,
That charms the Ear, or captivates the Heart !
Be your's the Task, the Goddess to retain,
And call her Parent VIRTUE back again;
Improve your *Pow'r* a sinking Land to save,
And vindicate the Servant from the Slave :
O ! teach the vassal Courtier how to share
The Royal Favour with the Public Pray'r :

* Earl of *Chesterfield*.

Like

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Like *Latium's* * GENIUS stem thy Country's Doom,
And, tho' a CÆSAR smile, remember ROME;
With all the *Patriot* dignify the *Place*,
And prove at least one Statesman may have Grace.

* BRUTUS.

F I N I S.



